

like the whites, because they do not wear corsets and bandages; I have never worn a corset in my life. We swim and the climate and the cocoanut oil we use, preserves the hair. When I go home, my hair grows three inches in two months.

"In the islands, where there are wonderful things, all is changing fast; soon the romance will all be gone.

"The old priest who taught me the worship dances when I was a little girl, went through many strange ceremonies. When I danced he sang chants, and I stepped certain steps to every chant.

"Then often he sent me to the mountain to gather limbs of a certain tree, and on the way I must not meet a dog, and he must not bark—if he did bark, then I must come back and go another day.

"And when I got the branches the priest prayed over them.

"The customs are not as beautiful as they used to be. In the old days none need lock their doors. If one came by and was hungry he went in and ate. He took nothing but food; it was the custom, and he was welcome. But now"—a gesture of her hands finished the sentence. "Now one needs many bolts, but it is not the natives that steal. Nor is it the natives who refuse hospitality. They dare not."

"The goddess Pele has made it a custom to visit the islands disguised as a woman. So when a strange woman comes, no matter

if she is old and ugly and eats all there is in the house, you must make her welcome.

"Once the people of a certain district refused a beggar, an old crone, and just one family took her in.

"Soon there was a terrible eruption of the volcano, and all the people but that one family were buried. The goddess protected them because of their compassion."

This is only one of the many legends of the islands which all the natives believe.

### HEARST—SLAVE DRIVER

As usual the Hearst papers resort to downright lies when discussing labor questions.

When Hearst came to Chicago he made a great play to union labor—and union labor got busy and got circulation for the Hearst papers.

After Hearst got circulation and began to get advertising, he played the game of the advertisers and kicked his union friends in the face.

Today there isn't a more servile tool of Wall street in the country than the journalistic four-flusher who loves to write his name William Randolph Hearst.

His Chicago manager, Andy Lawrence, has played the game of the publishers' trust ever since Hearst sold out to Harriman, and began using his papers to help Wall street get control of the government.

And Hearst himself is a friend of labor for revenue only.